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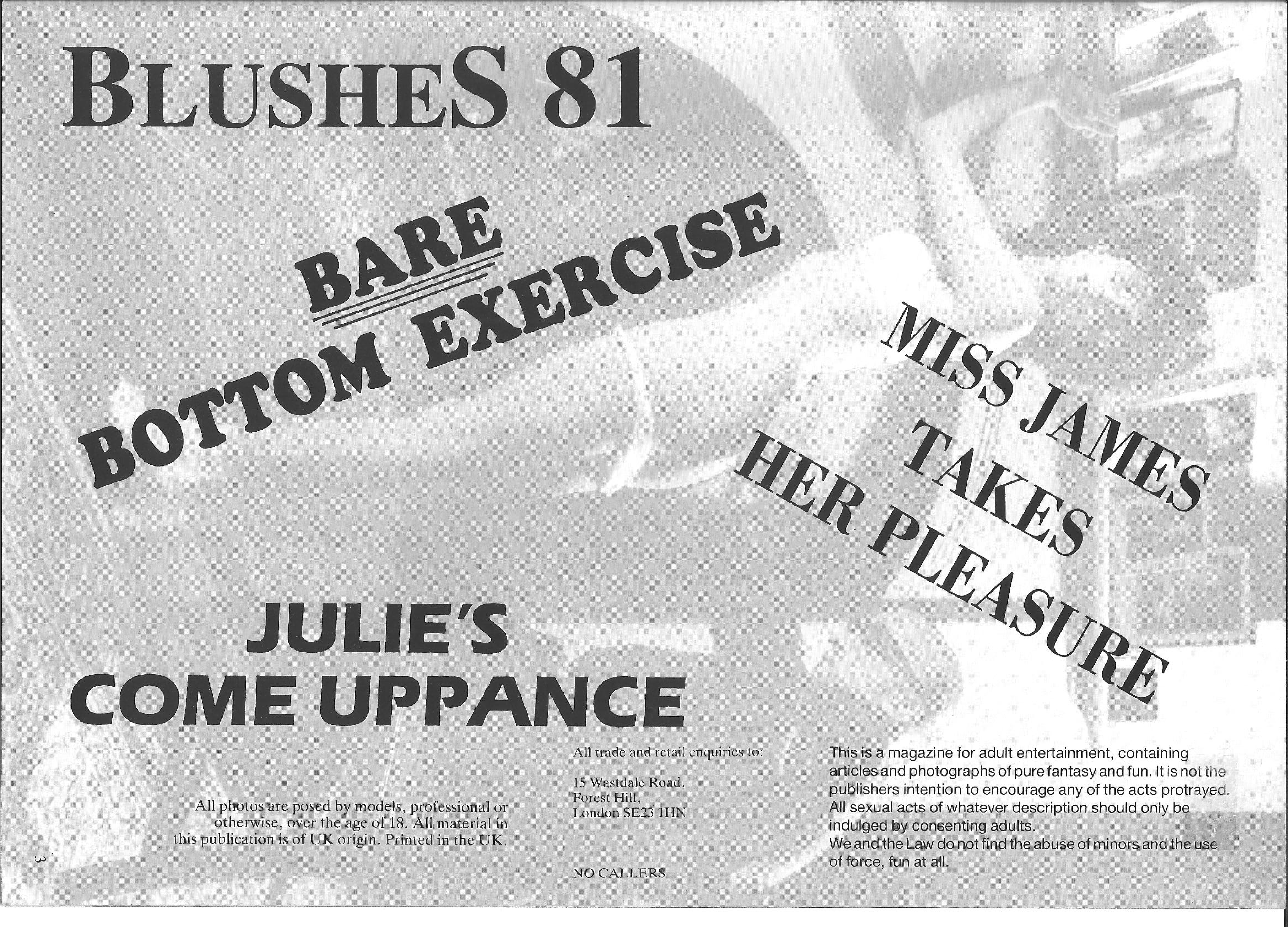

BLUSHES 81

BARE BOTTOM EXERCISE

MISS JAMES TAKES HER PLEASURE

JULIE'S COME UPPANCE

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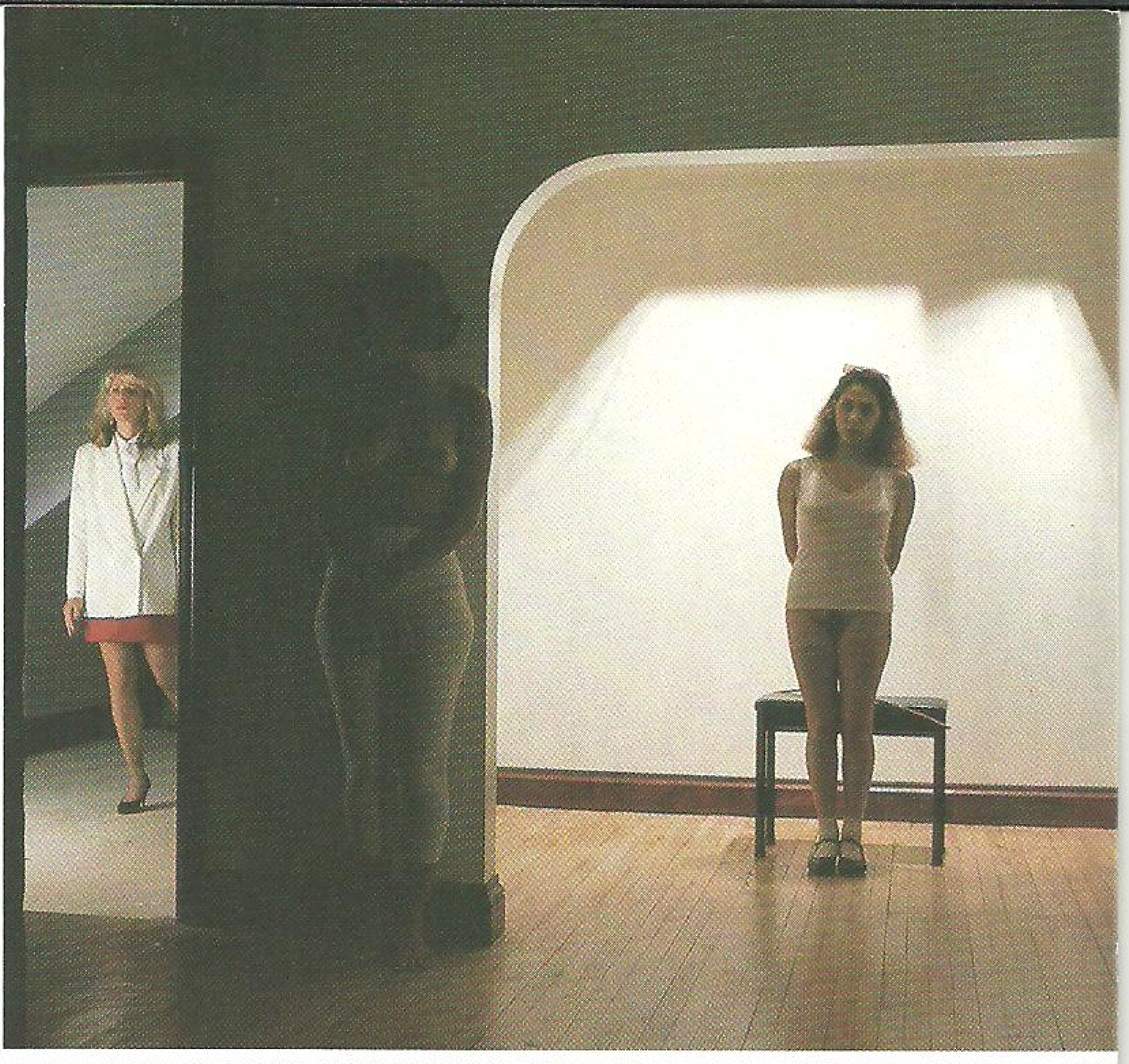
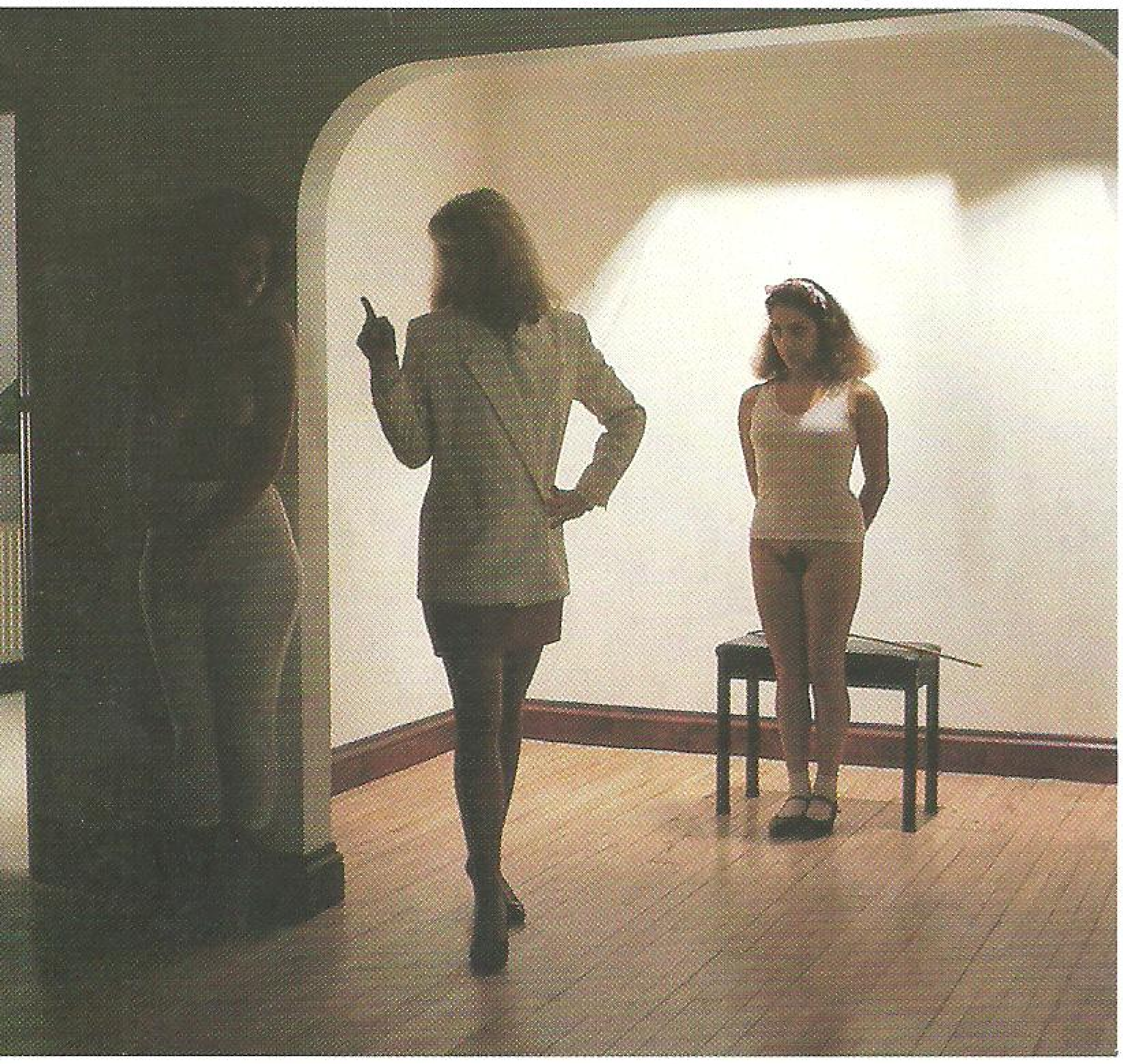
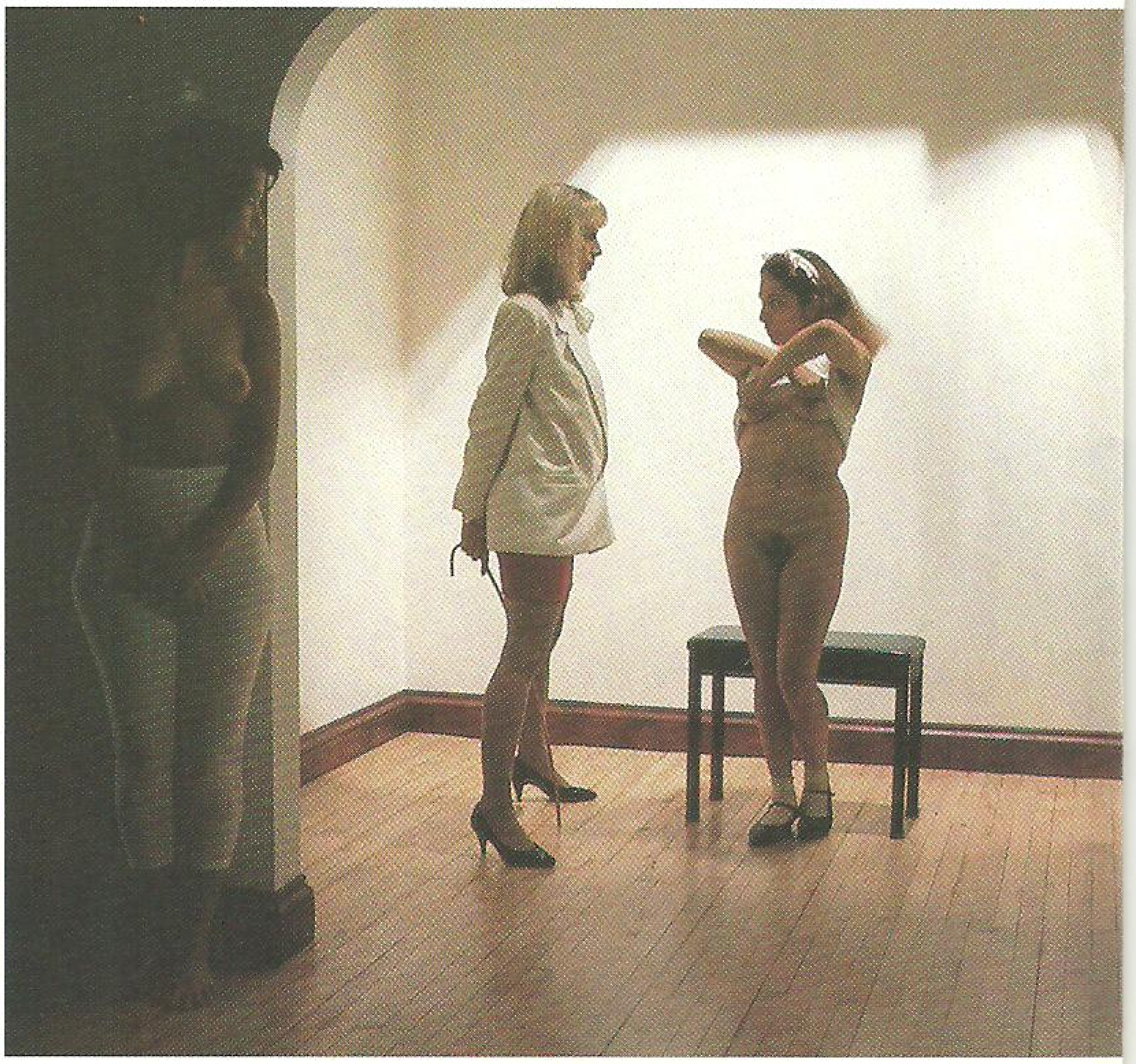
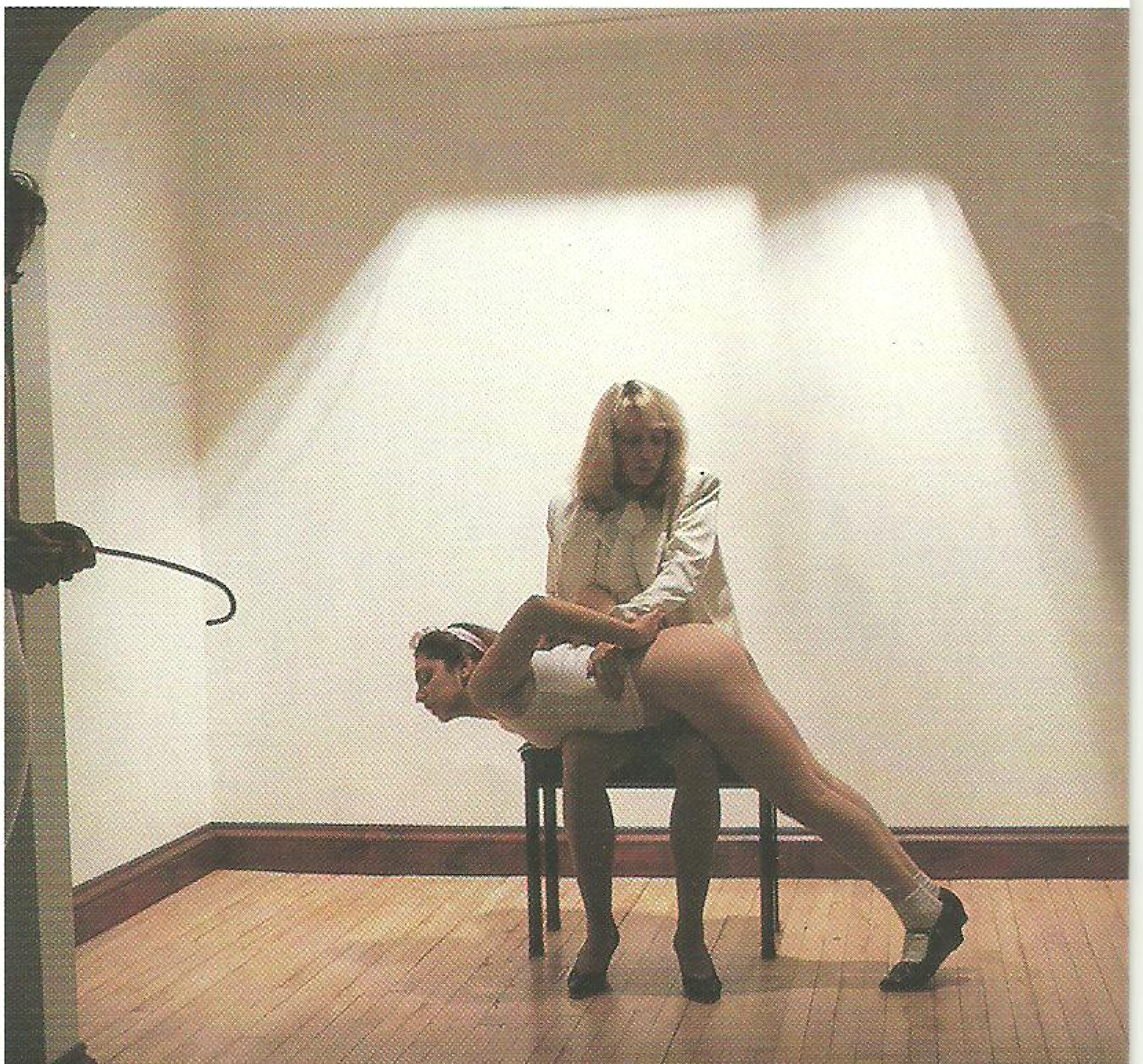








MISS JAMES TAKES HER PLEASURE

Fairfield Sixth Form College For Girls was small and largely residential. It occupied a rambling Victorian country mansion in rural Hertfordshire, several miles from the nearest village and further still from anything that might answer to the description of a town. It was comfortable, the house having been converted to reasonably modern standards, and it had lovely grounds, but it was undeniably isolated. This was not a problem for day girls, driven in each morning and correspondingly home again in the afternoon, but there were only one or two of these. For the other twenty-odd girls Fairfield's isolation could be a problem. Miss Singleton, the principal, was not keen on girls having passes out. Not when, whatever the reason given, the

requester of the pass would undoubtedly be meeting a young male — or even an older male. Because girls weren't sent to Fairfield to be out with males, young or old. With the clear possibility, certainly in Clare Singleton's opinion, of getting themselves pregnant.

So there could certainly be tensions. Frustrations. The answer to this as far as Miss Singleton was concerned was for girls to put all their energies into their studies, or into approved sports (tennis, swimming, horse riding), or likewise approved leisure activities such as the school drama group. Then they would not be worried by those basic instincts which girls of 16 to 18, even nicely-brought-up ones, could be prey to with time on their hands.

But inevitably some girls were not going to be content with Miss Singleton's list of approved activities.

* * *

'Look ...' Sarah Buckley said. 'We're not going to muck about. OK? I don't want to be up before Singleton, or anyone else.'

Vicky Sinclair gave a tinkly laugh. 'Muck about? What's muck about? I **suppose** you mean me getting my hand on your pussy. And getting you all hot an desperate.'

'Cut it out,' Sarah said with an anxious edge to her voice. This walk with Vicky was maybe not a good idea.

But it was a lovely sunny Saturday afternoon and Vicky had got permission from Miss James who taught Botany for them to walk in the adjacent wood to collect flower specimens. They were both in their first year at Fairfield College, now in the last term of it. Vicky was medium height with a full, voluptuous figure and dark, latin good looks. She liked boys but she also went for girls. With a girl she could be more in control. Sarah was just her type: Also brunette but more English looking, tall and with a slimmer but nonetheless shapely figure. Vicky really fancied her.

Sarah wasn't sure if she liked it or not. She didn't like to **think** she liked it, doing anything with another girl. But at the same time she could be aroused, got in the mood. And Vicky was very good at getting a girl she fancied in the mood. Which was why Sarah was sure she shouldn't have agreed to go on this walk. She knew what Vicky was like. and she also knew what Miss Singleton was like. Miss Singleton, in her fifties, could be a dragon and was very severe on any sort of sexual shenanigans. She in particular hated any suggestion of lesbian goings-on.

And it wasn't only Miss Singleton you had to be concerned about, there were others on the staff who were equally on the alert for that sort of thing. No doubt including Miss James. Anita James was younger, still in her twenties and she could be very nice. But there were also scary rumours about her. About what she had done when she had caught a couple of girls doing **it**. She had not sent them to Miss Singleton but instead had used a cane herself. And after it they had wished they **had** been sent to the principal.

The thought of the cane, and what Miss James was supposed to have done, made her go all hot and cold.

These thoughts were definitely in Sarah's mind as she and Vicky left the school grounds and headed for the wood. Sarah had never been up before Miss Singleton for anything — and she had certainly never been caned. The thought of the cane, and what Miss James was supposed to have done, made her go all hot and cold. Although of course the whispers **could** have been exaggerated. And also Sarah knew what Vicky was like. She pretty certainly **would** try to start something. And she could be very forceful. No, it probably hadn't been a good idea to agree. But it was such a lovely day and she did like Vicky, very much, If only she would **behave**.

But Vicky wasn't going to behave. She wasn't interested in wild flowers, she was interested in Sarah's deliciously tall figure. Deliciously slim-waisted but with also full boobs and bottom. She could scarcely wait to get her hands on it. And as soon as they were in the wood she **did** have her hand on it.

'Cut it out!' Sarah exclaimed as Vicky's hand tried to fondle her bottom as they walked along the narrow track.

For an answer Vicky simply grabbed her with both hands. Backing Sarah up against a tree and tightly embracing her. Her ripe mouth on Sarah's. Her hot tongue thrusting vigorously in.

Sarah managed, gasping, to pull her mouth away from the breath-taking kiss. But she couldn't break away from the other girl's enveloping grasp because Vicky was quite powerful — and very determined.

'Let's sit down. For just a moment. Then we'll collect some of those sodding flowers. But we need a break first.'

She already had Sarah's skirt dragged up and had her hand at Sarah's pussy through the brief knickers.

It was quite clear what sort of a break Vicky had in her mind. She already had Sarah's skirt dragged up and had her hand at Sarah's pussy through the brief knickers. And she was now hotly breathing what she wanted to do. She wanted Sarah to sit on her face. With her skirt up ... and maybe her knickers off.

Sarah hissed a shocked refusal. But Vicky's devilish hands, which she couldn't keep away from her pussy and her boobs, were undoubtedly having an effect. You were quite starved of any sort of sex at Fairfield College. The only possible outlet was to indulge in surreptitious masturbation, in bed or the loo or somewhere, but of course masturbation was also severely frowned on and was correspondingly dealt with if discovered. And anyway Sarah didn't like the thought of self administered gratification, it wasn't something a nice girl resorted to. And so especially towards the end of term a girl could be like a powder keg and if someone lit the fuse – a very determined fuse-lighter such as Vicky Sinclair – it was all liable to go off.

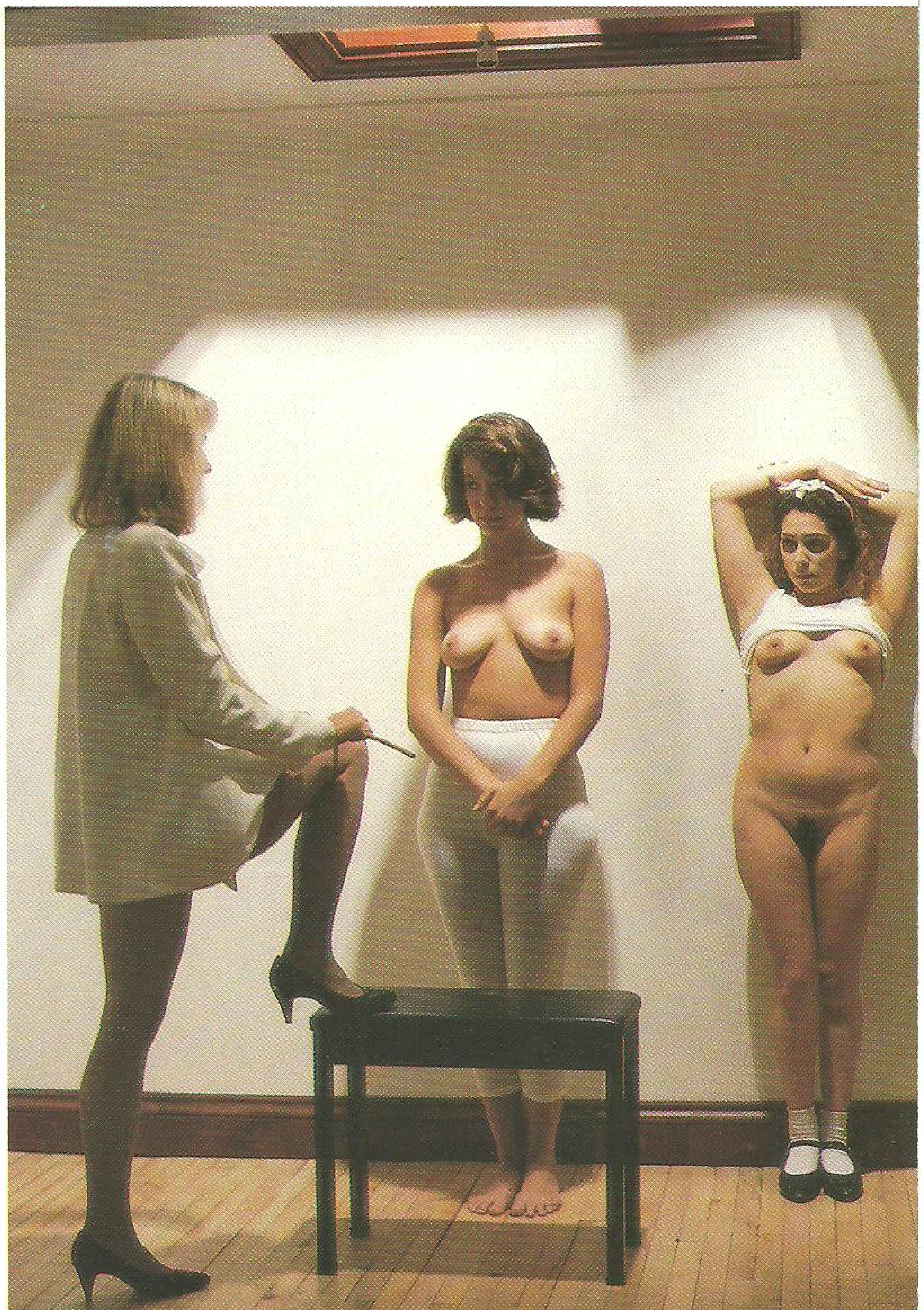
Her skirt up round her waist. And with a desperate moan lowering herself onto Vicky's eager face.

And so Sarah, all hot and juicy now, couldn't help herself. Vicky was leading her away from the track to a nearby grassy clearing. Had Vicky been here before perhaps? Because she seemed to know where she was going. Not with Sarah certainly – but maybe another companion whose knickers were also getting all hot and steamy? In any event here was this very pleasant clearing where the girls were very shortly lying down. Or Vicky was lying down. And Sarah, scarcely able to believe she really **was** doing this, was getting astride Vicky. Her skirt up round her waist. And with a desperate moan lowering herself onto Vicky's eager face. To make heady contact with the crotch of her knickers which were now undoubtedly stickily wet.

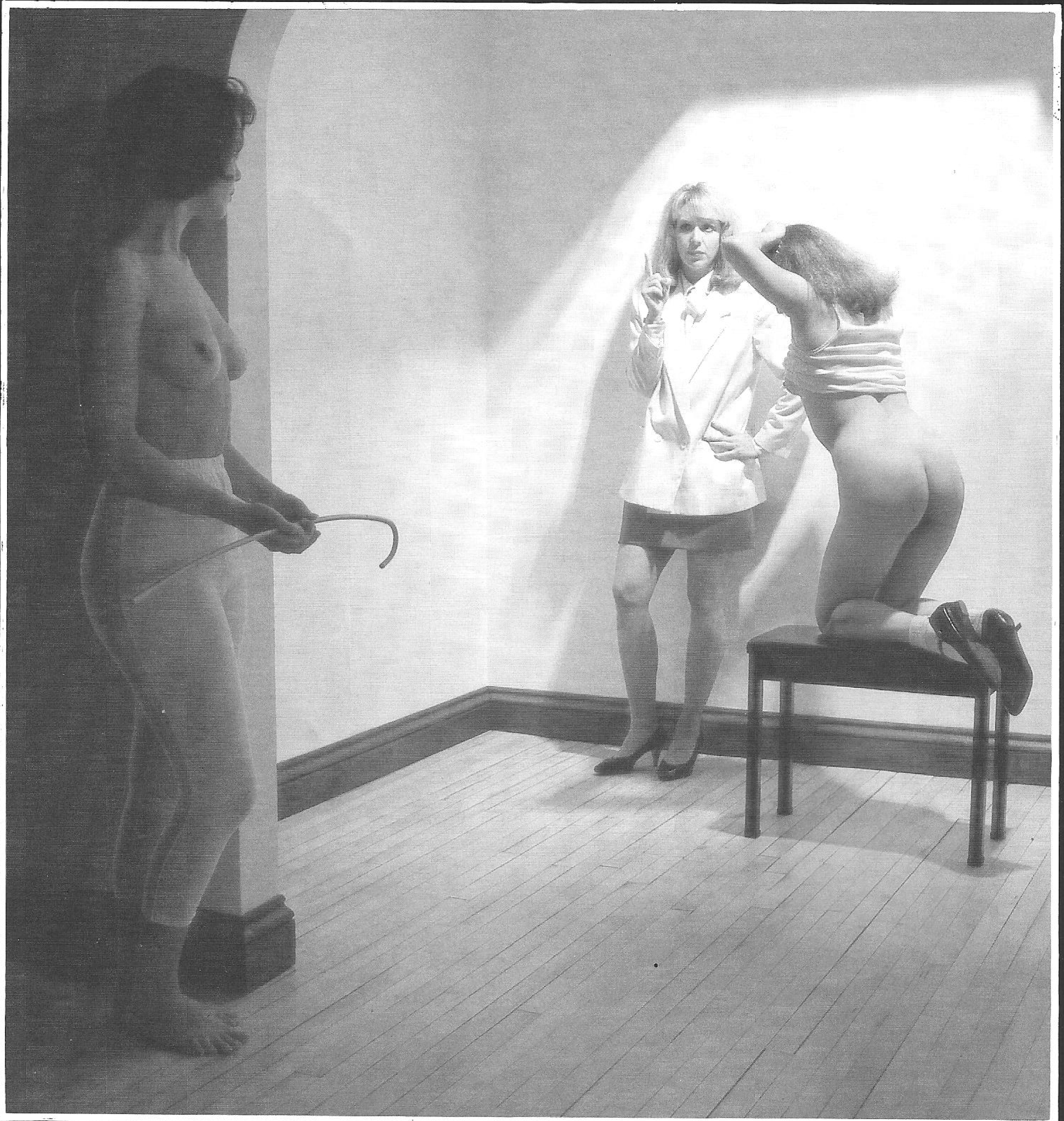
It was quite mind-zonking. Some frantic minutes of it ... and then Sarah responding to Vicky's gasped suggestion. The other that would be even more zonking. Disengaging, for Vicky to frantically claw off Sarah's sticky knickers. And then the exercise mind-bogglingly repeated – now with sticky flesh against flesh.

And after that Vicky doing it to Sarah. Vicky on top, squirming and rolling. Grinding her crotch in. Moaning and whimpering. Screeching as she came. And then quickly coming again.

After which they were quite zonked



out. Sarah's mind a blank. For a while. But as the thought-forming ability slowly returned the thoughts that came were inevitably of the enormity of what they had done. In the eyes of stern Miss Singleton at least. Or no doubt for instance Miss James.



'Stop worrying,' Vicky counselled. 'We're safe here. Actually ... I feel like some more. Maybe something a little different this time?'

Sarah looked uneasily around. At the trees surrounding them, and the quite thick undergrowth. You couldn't see very far at all. If someone had followed them that somebody could easily be quite close by. Watching. Someone could have watched every moment of that really awful stuff they had just done. Someone? Miss James of course knew where they were going.

'No! No, please!' Sarah had the strong feeling now that they **were** being watched.

* * *

And most unfortunately that feeling of Sarah's was correct. There **had** been eyes out there. And they **were** the cool blue ones belonging to Anita James. Though not now with all their accustomed coolness as she watched from no great distance, so that she was able to observe clearly every detail. Cool Miss James who could look quite prim when she wanted to had had her own hand up her skirt at her hot pussy. Her fingers urgently at her aroused clit. Watching from behind an oak's broad trunk she had brought herself

off. Her blue eyes devouring the frantic activity … and her mind also picturing what **she** would now be able to do to these two.

The two miscreants were summoned before her that same evening. Anita James, cool again now and sitting smiling at her desk, greeting them with a few initial pleasantries. 'Were you two able to find anything interesting?' Etc. And then the bombshell. They were of course struck dumb. Vicky finally managed a stuttered protestation of innocence.

'Please do not attempt childish lies, Vicky. Don't you understand me? **I watched you**. Sarah, I could not have **imagined** you could indulge in such a degrading performance. Vicky, well perhaps yes …'

They were dumb again. Sarah could feel her face burning scarlet, with the sickening knowledge now that Miss James **had** watched them.

Anita James was continuing, in level tones though experiencing hot excitement inside. Giving them the same option she had given those others. But making it not sound much of an option. She could take the whole thing to Miss Singleton, as of course she **should**. The principal would either expel them forthwith or have them caned. Did they know what that meant? It wouldn't be done by Miss Singleton, she would hand them over to Mr Sumden and Mr Driggs.

'One of them holding you over a table and taking your knickers down, and the other one administering the cane.

'They will do the actual caning.' Anita James then added graphically. 'One of them holding you over a table and taking your knickers down, and the other one administering the cane. I don't imagine it's exactly a pleasant experience.'

Her fingers urgently at her aroused clit. Watching from behind an oak's broad trunk she had brought herself off.

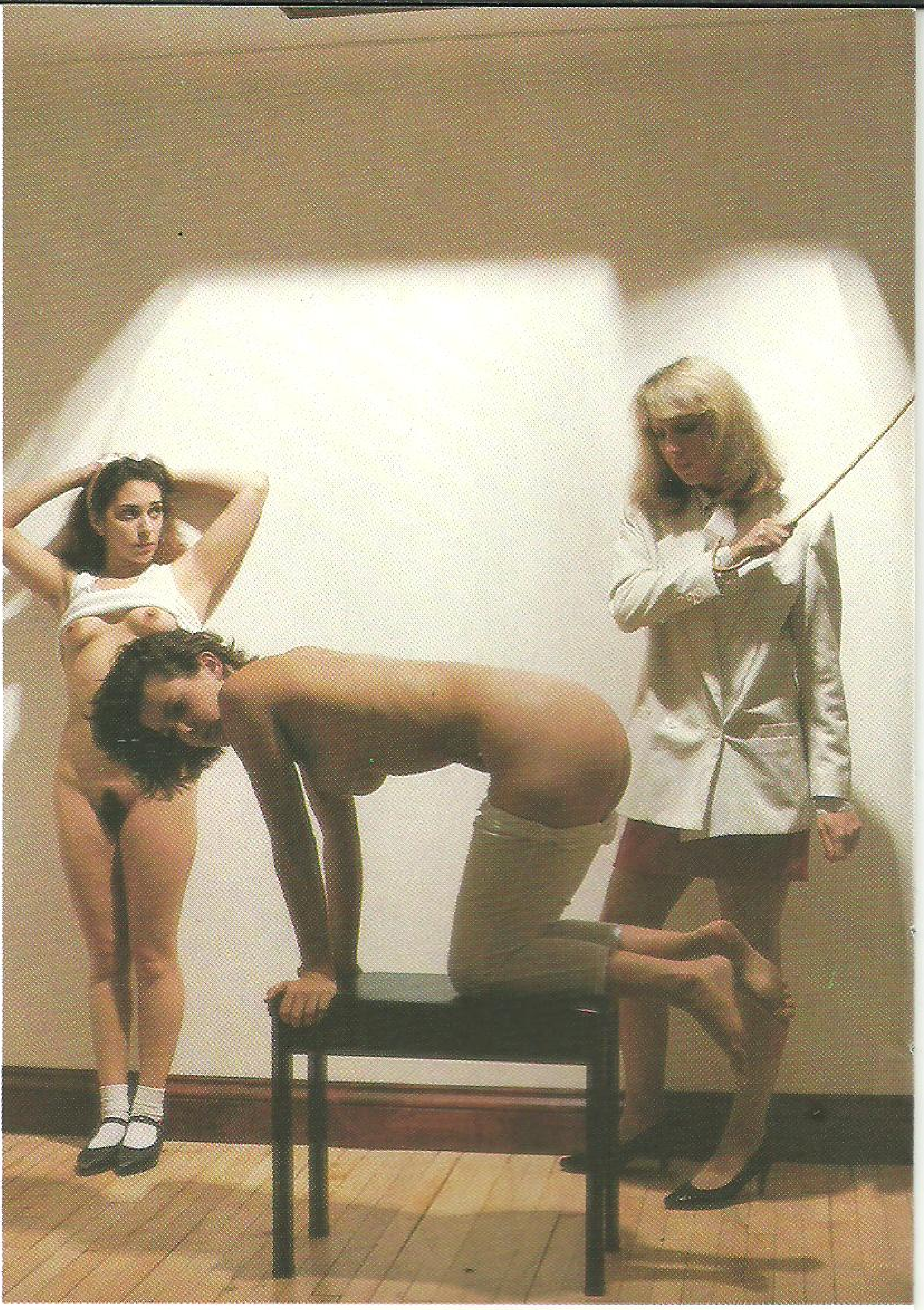
No! Bert Sumden and George Driggs, were Fairfield College's handyman and gardener respectively. No, that would not be pleasant **at all**. Sarah and Vicky certainly would **not** want that. And nor could they contemplate being expelled.

The other option of course was letting Miss James deal with their transgression herself. That wasn't nice either. Not at all. If those whispers of what she had done to Sophie and Miranda were true. But … it had to be better that the Miss Singleton options. Didn't it?

* * *

He would have his hands everywhere. Wouldn't he?

'Good,' Anita said briskly. 'I'm glad. I shouldn't want to see either of you expelled. And nor should I relish the thought of either of you in the hands of Sumden and Driggs. Becasue I am sure



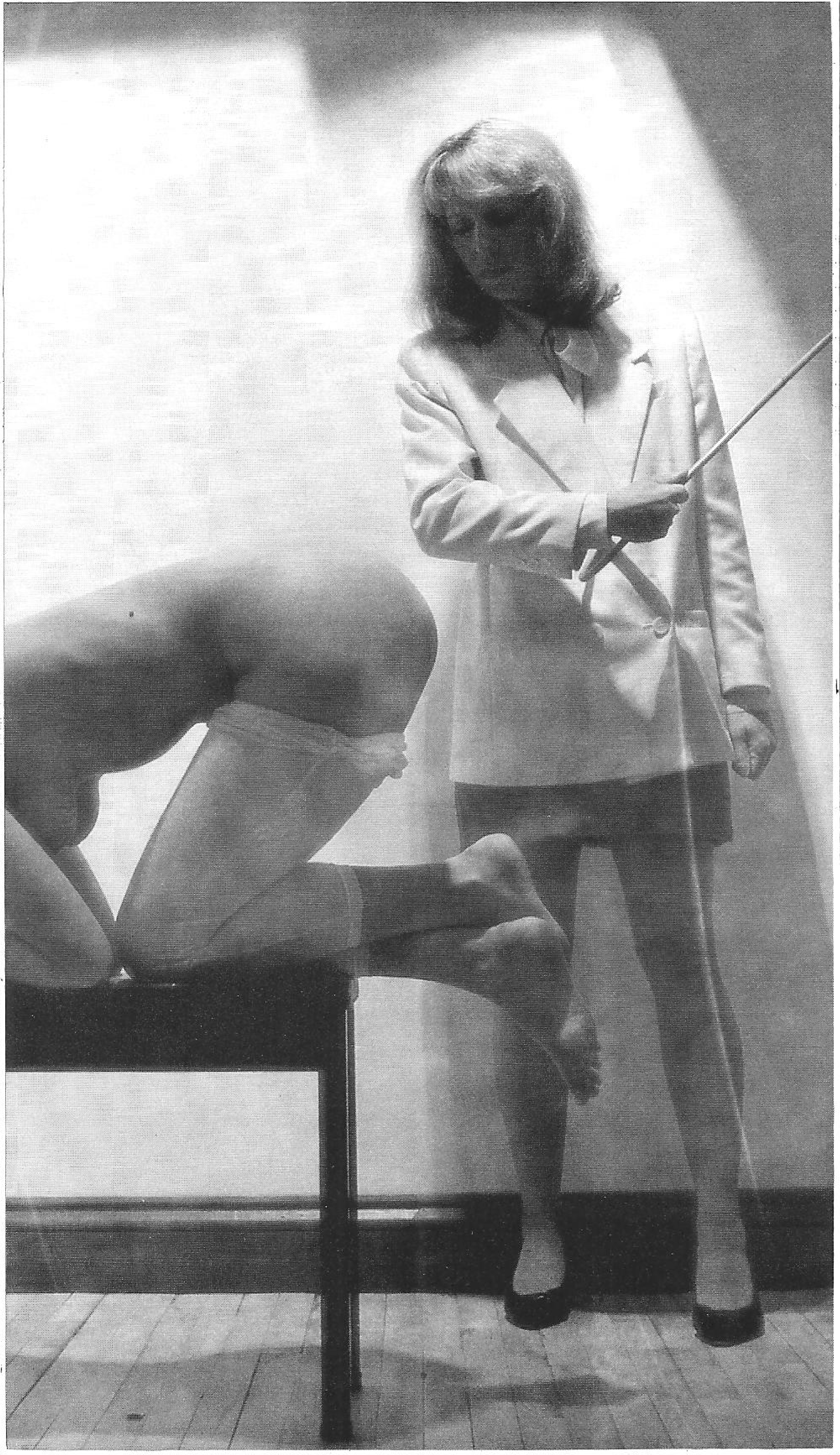
they would take every advantage of the situation. Mr Sumden taking your knickers down, Sarah. And once he had them down ... he would have his hands everywhere. Wouldn't he? Not at all nice for a girl.'

Sarah shuddered. Yes, letting Miss James deal with them would undoubtedly be best. She had risen from her chair behind her desk and now came round. Taking hold of Sarah's upper arm. Squeezing the flesh firmly.

'But of course **I** shall have to cane the two of you. For such quite inexcusable behaviour the cane is the **only** answer.' Anita could feel her pulse racing. 'I shall have to cane the two of you quite severely. So that you appreciate the seriousness of your quite delinquent behaviour. You understand that Sarah. And accept it? And of course you Vicky?'

* * *

Anita James said she would see them the next afternoon. She would carry out the canings in the theatre room and they were to report there at 4 o'clock. She would see them both together; however it **might** be necessary to see them again individually afterwards, if she considered that the initial canings were not sufficient. She would leave that option open.



Observing their shocked expressions Anita felt a delicious shiver of excitement. That feeling increased as she told them how she would want them to be dressed.

'Oh God!' Sarah wailed afterwards. 'I think I'm going to be sick or something.'
Vicky said grimly, 'You know what I think? I think she gets off on caning girls. I bet those stories about Sophie and Miranda were true alright. She's going to relish this. She's going to get herself off by caning our bums. And I bet that means she'll **really whack that cane in**.'

'Oh! Ooooohh!' Sarah's hand went to her mouth. She was sure she **really was** going to be sick.

It was the way the Botany mistress wanted them attired that convinced Vicky Miss James was going to get her jollies out of this. Because there was going to be so much artfully revealed girl-flesh for the canings. Vicky would be required to wear only a skin-tight white vest which scarcely reached to her waist, with everything else bare. And Sarah in contrast ... was to wear only a pair of bottom-hugging white tights. So Sarah would be having to display her nude pink-nippled boobs in addition to her trim bottom in the flesh-hugging tights. Tights that no doubt before her caning was finished would be drawn down, right down those shapely thighs. So that her pussy and bottom would be on display, like Vicky's.

Yes, Miss James was going to love that. The soft nude flesh of each girl artfully revealed. Then whipping the cane in. To produce sizzling bright red stripes on those quivering rear quarters. How intensely exciting —& if you went for that kind of thing. And afterwards ... Miss James just might want to see each of them separately.

* * *

The theatre room was quite small and intimate, with an alcove at one end which could be used as a little stage. The room was used by the drama group, also for tutorials. Or for any other purpose that a teacher might wish. Its door could be locked and its single window had a heavy drape which could be drawn closed. The theatre room was therefore highly suitable for a caning session. It was of course where Miss James had caned Sophie and Miranda.

'Oh please God!' Sarah whimpered. 'I don't think I'm going to be able to take this.'

In the centre of the little stage had been placed a leather-covered stool — and across its seat lay a wicked looking bamboo cane.

Those garments that they were to wear were waiting for them on a chair in the wings. Anita James was locking the door. She was looking very glamorous, in a white blazer and a very short red skirt which showed off her long slim legs. In the centre of the little stage had been placed a leather-covered stool — and across its seat lay a wicked looking bamboo cane.

Miss James told them to get changed. She stepped over to the stool — and picked up the cane. She whipped it menacingly through the air.

'I think I'll have you first Vicky. I am sure you were the leading light in this. Sarah can stand at the side of the stage. And watch. I want your eyes glued to this Sarah. Do I make myself clear?'

Oh yes it was clear enough. They were both changed now. What was worse: to go first and get it over with, or to have to wait your turn — while you had to watch. Not that there was any choice.

Miss James came close to Sarah, to run her hand caressingly over the taller girl's tightly-encased buttocks. Vicky was now standing behind the stool, at attention and doing her best not to look scared. The hand painfully pinched a section of Sarah's bottom-flesh.

'She won't want to sit down when I've finished with her Sarah. Her bottom's to be **red hot**. And you'll get the same of course. You won't be able to sit down either when I come to you.'

The hands squeezed the ripely swelling flesh. Then moved to Sarah's nipples which perhaps from fearful anticipation had become erect.

Moving behind Sarah she reached round with two hands to cup her pert tits. The hands squeezed the ripely swelling flesh. Then moved to Sarah's nipples which perhaps from fearful anticipation had become erect. As she rolled the jutting nipples in fingers and thumbs Anita's voice in a low half whisper that probably only Sarah could hear breathed in her ear:

'I'm really going to **enjoy** hurting you Sarah dear.'

She let go and was striding over in her high heels to the waiting Vicky. 'Let's make a start then, shall we. And why don't we have the sex-starved Miss Sinclair showing a bit more of her overheated flesh. Pull that vest up Vicky. Right up. Let me see those hot boobs.'

Red-faced Vicky dragged the vest up, until her ripe boobs were fully uncovered. Anita took hold of them. Squeezing the big thrusting nipples.

'How would you like these caned Vicky. Wouldn't that give you a nice hot thrill?'

Vicky stuttered, 'N ... No Miss. No...'

Perhaps it was only a nasty threat, to scare Vicky. Sarah, with her own tits hot and sore from Miss James's hands, shivered at the thought. At any rate Miss James was starting with something else. She held out the cane, for Sarah to come and get, and then sat on the stool. Vicky had to get down on the floor. With her head right down, her face in contact with the bare polished boards between Anita James's slim legs. And with her ripe nude bottom starkly raised.

Anita commenced to whack her hand stingingly down on the up-raised cheeks. Sarah could hear shuddering gasps from Vicky. It wasn't the cane but it nonetheless looked pretty awful.

'This is just ... a little opener...' Anita was gasping with her efforts. 'You hot ... little bitch.'

She stopped for a moment. 'Aren't you?' And Sarah saw her hand slide down underneath, below the now redly-glowing nates and in between Vicky's quivering thighs.

Anita glanced over at Sarah, who bit her lip. The blonde teacher laughed, still with her hand between Vicky's legs. At last the hand came away.

'Get up now,' she told her. 'Yes you are a hot little number, aren't you? Your pussy's red hot — and really soaking. Well let me see how affectionate you are. Because I'm doing all this for your **own good**. Put your arms round me. Round my neck.'

Anita held her with one arm, and recommenced the spanking with her hand. Her hand rhythmically whacking in,

Vicky did it, her arms stretching up and her body pressed in against Anita, between her parted thighs. Anita held her with one arm, and recommenced the spanking with her hand. Her hand rhythmically whacking in, for some minutes. When she stopped she grabbed a handful of hair and roughly yanked Vicky's head back — and kissed her fiercely on her mouth.

When the kiss finally finished she looked across at Sarah. 'That was to

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show her that we're all good friends Sarah darling. And this really is for your own good. Just remember that — especially when we come to the cane.'

The cane zipping mind-bogglingly in on those spank-reddened cheeks. Vicky had been making gasping, grunting with the spanks.

The cane for Vicky came shortly. After Anita had briefly had her over her lap for a final spanking session. But the cane then, which Sarah had been

holding all this time. The cane for Vicky with her kneeling on the stool. The cane zipping mind-bogglingly in on those spank-reddened cheeks. Vicky had been making gasping, grunting with the spanks. But now there were desperate yells. Frantic squeals of anguish.

Sarah could only stand and watch. The whole performance had been mind bending. And now, very shortly now, it would be her own turn.

* * *

Miss James **did** want to see them alone afterwards of course. Each of them separately. In her room this time. Sarah was the first, the next afternoon.

'Yes come in Sarah. How lovely to see you again. And now just the two of us. Isn't that nice?'

Sarah was told to lock the door. And then come and sit down, on the sofa with Miss James. She was wearing a scarlet housecoat — and what was underneath?

Miss James's hands fondling her nude bottom ... and her pussy. And then the first fierce cut of the cane.

The events of the previous afternoon were still reverberating in Sarah's head. Vicky ... and then herself. Herself on hands and knees on the stool. With Miss James sliding down those skin-tight tights. Miss James's hands fondling her nude bottom ... and her pussy. And then the first fierce cut of the cane.

'Would you like that Sarah? Those awful men I suppose. Sumden and Driggs. I imagine they would go quite **mad** with excitement if you were handed over to them. Frantically stripping you ... and ... Can you **imagine**?'

Sarah could imagine. Would it be worse than Miss James? Oh yes, there wasn't much doubt. It would. It most certainly would.

'Yes? And you wouldn't enjoy it? Because I suppose **some** girls could be turned on by that sort of thing. But not our dear sweet Sarah? Oh well, it may not be necessary. We'll have to talk about it. But first of all ...'

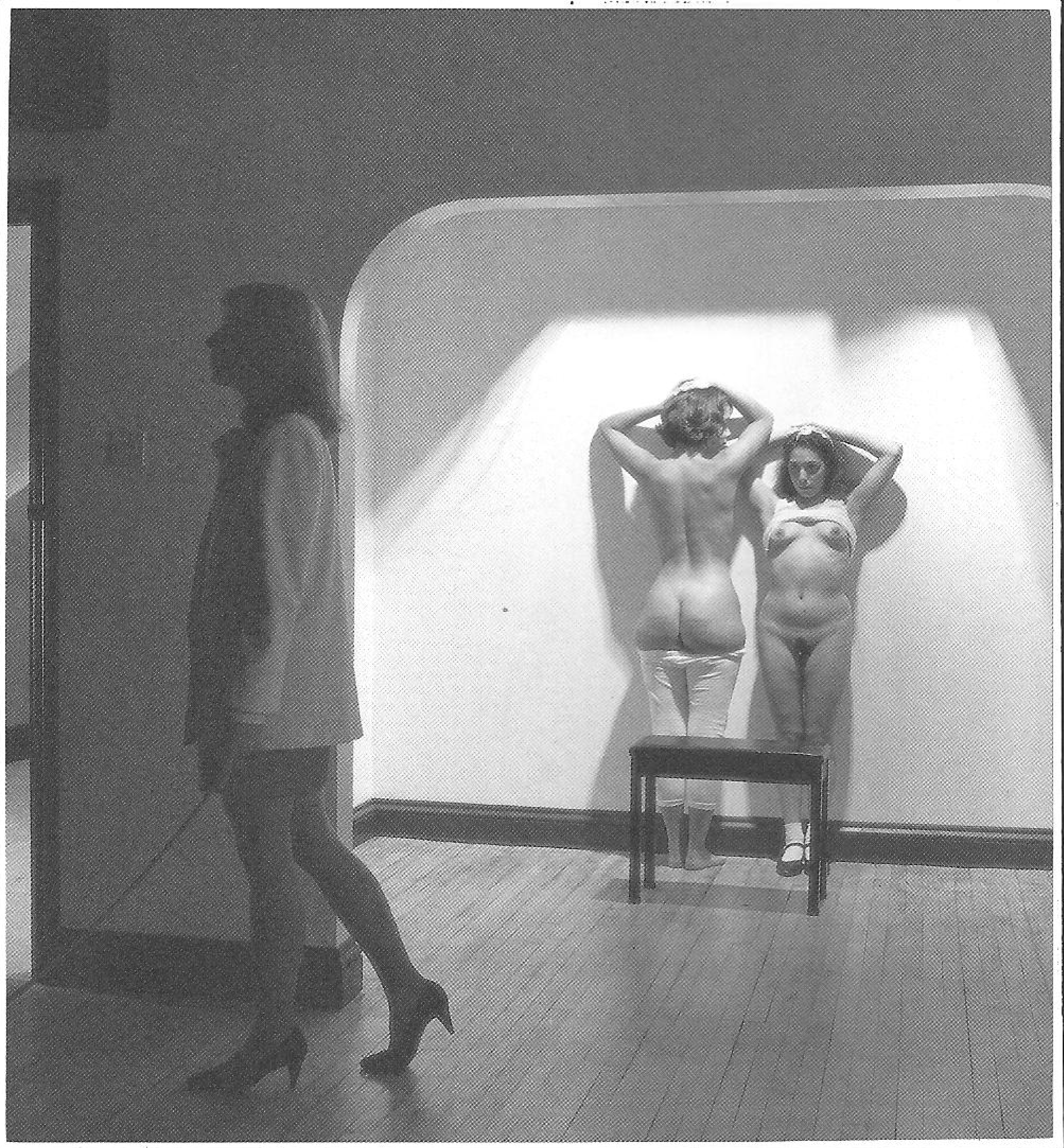
First of all Anita James wanted a little excitement. A little enjoyment. She wanted to take her pleasure, with sweet and lovely Sarah. What she wanted first of all was for Sarah to get down. Kneeling on the floor, between Anita's spread thighs.

As Sarah has suspected Anita James had nothing on under that brilliant housecoat. And now she wanted Sarah's face there. In between those lovely bare thighs. At Anita's pussy in fact. Yes that was the pleasure the blonde teacher wanted. A pleasuring from Sarah's trembling mouth.

Her hand softly stroking Sarah's bowed head. 'Really nicely now dear. I'm gong to have to cane you afterwards, but maybe not **too** many.' She laughed softly. 'Maybe just **twenty**. Or maybe **thirty**.'

END

What she wanted first of all was for Sarah to get down. Kneeling on the floor,



Sarah in contrast ... was to wear only a pair of bottom-hugging white tights. So Sarah would be having to display her nude pink-nippled boobs in addition to her trim bottom in the flesh-hugging tights.

JULIE'S COME UPPANCE

Julie Malving thought she could get away with just about anything using her looks and feminine charm, always the ones you had to get round or persuade if you wanted something? Yes of course and basically all a girl had were her looks and femininity. Julie pitied those unfortunate members of her sex who weren't blessed with good looks and a good figure.

Julie was doubly fortunate because in addition to being very goodlooking she was blonde and everyone knew men were always that extra bit interested in a blonde. As well as this she also had a really lovely figure. Petite (Julie couldn't claim to be tall) but perfectly formed: full bust and sensuously rounded hips accentuated by her slim waist; plus shapely and glamorous legs. And who wanted to be tall anyway; some girls did but Julie didn't think men liked tall women. Tall girls weren't feminine.

Were those big blue eyes actually promising anything? Was Julie prepared to deliver up that so delicious body

Julie could be very feminine, with coy flutterings of those long lashes on her big deep blue eyes. What man could resist their charming and seductive invitation? Surely no man could. But ... an invitation to what? Were those big blue eyes actually promising anything? Was Julie prepared to deliver up that so delicious body — in exchange for whatever it was she wanted? The answer was no. Julie might promise but she did not want to produce. For one thing she was a happily married young woman, wasn't she? Well more or less happy. Because Julie and Simon did have the occasional tiff — most frequently about what Simon considered Julie's overly flirtatious behaviour at parties etc.

Julie brushed off those little tiffs. Simon was just being silly and jealous. Could she help it if men found her attractive? And if occasionally they might possibly get funny ideas, well Julie knew that all she had to do was flutter her eyes some more and they would get the right message. Which was that they were very lucky indeed to be with her and on the receiving end of her lovely smile and for them to think anything else, even for a moment, was really

too much. And naturally they always quickly realised this.

Didn't they? Well yes. Always. All of them unitl Mr Penfield.

* * *

Last time Julie had very briefly met him when he came in to see Mr Bingley and she had of course fluttered those long lashes and probably also stuck her tits out at him

Mr Penfield was one of the senior people at Hartlands, the accountants where Julie and Simon both worked. He was at the main London office but he had once or twice visited their Northwich branch where Julie worked as secretary to Mr Bingley and Simon was a very junior

manager. Mr Penfield was sixtyish, a big man with almost white hair which gave him a very distinguished look. Last time Julie had very briefly met him when he came in to see Mr Bingley and she had of course fluttered those long lashes and probably also stuck her tits out at him (though naturally Julie would have denied that).

No doubt he had noticed the beautiful big blue eyes that first time and also the lovely tits in Julies demure lacy white blouse. Anyway the next time he came Mr Penfield made a point of coming into her little office to say hello. He was very chatty and Julie could guess right away that she had made another conquest and this time a very senior one. So the eyelashes were immediately fluttering furiously again — and the tits were also put on impressive display.

Yes Julie had made a conquest because before Mr Penfield went that afternoon he looked in again. Fortuantely Julie was alone again — because this time Mr Penfield said discreetly that if Julie was ever in London she should give him a ring. He would like to take her out to lunch.

Julie replied that this would be very nice indeed. Naturally she didn't tell Simon but it was Sinon she had in mind. Simon's career. As far as Julie could see without some help Simon was likely to remain where he was for quite a while. Perhaps for ever! But Mr Penfield could clearly pull strings, get Simon on the promotion ladder. If she played her cards right.

And what did Mr Penfield want? No more than the pleasure of being seen with a very pretty young woman. Probably at his age he was in any case no longer interested in more basic matters — though of course you **could** get older men with ideas. But distinguished looking Mr Penfield, Julie was sure, just wanted the pleasure of her company — and that didn't surprise her at all.

So a confidential date was agreed — on a Saturday when Julie could tell Simon she was going shopping with a girl friend. It was really exciting — going out with this new and impressive admirer and also the prospect of getting something really good for Simon.

Mr Penfield took Julie to an expensive restaurant. Wasn't this marvellous! With all those other people of course able to admire her in her smart outfit. Yes, really **great**. But then when they were waiting for their starters ... Julie felt Mr Penfield's hand slide onto her leg under the table. His hand on her soft and shapely thigh.

They were sitting side by side (Mr Penfield had no doubt arranged this) so his hand could not be seen by other diners — but that of course wasn't the only consideration.With a sweet smile but a firm voice Julie said, 'Please don't do that, Mr Penfield.' Under the table she firmly pushed the hand away.

Mr Penfield seemed not at all put out. He smiled: 'You're such a lovely girl, Julie, You're just too much of a temptation.'

Well that was alright, wasn't it? Julie was sure some men did find her just too attractive. She gave a charming smile back. Mr Penfield understood the situation now; she could be admired but that really was all.

No doubt if there had just been that lovely meal in the restaurant everything would have been OK. But Julie then agreed to go with Mr Penfield afterwards. To the flat which he said belonged to a friend. The trouble was she was still putting her case for Simon and during the meal Mr Penfield, the perfect gentleman again now, had seemed quite encouraging. So Julie had agreed. Just for a coffee and then she would have to get home. But she had had no qualms: Mr Penfield understood what was what and accepted it. Didn't he? He would do docilely just what she wanted and no more.

But ... it proved to be different. In the very beautiful lounge Mr Penfield said:

'Yes, I have heard a bit about pretty Mrs Malving. She's so charming and sweet — but never gives anything away. Isn't that it? Such a lovely charming girl — but she won't ever take her knickers off.'

That was a shock. That last hit. A real shock. Julie tried to smile but Mr Penfield was going on:

'Well I reckon I know what a young lady like that needs, Julie. She needs what they call a short sharp shock. More specifically ... she needs a taste of the cane. On that lovely bottom. With her knickers down of course.'

Could he really have said that? Unbelievably yes. Because Mr Penfield repeated it. Well then was it just a very awful joke? But Penfield wasn't acting like he was joking. And he actually now had a cane in his hand!

It was quite unbelievable. Julie was impotently stuttering that really she had to go — while Mr Penfield was saying that he wanted her up on the chair. That big armchair. He wanted her kneeling up in it and then she had to pull her skirt up. He was **going to cane her bottom**.

'Look ... This is r ... ridiculous .. You can't possibly ...'

Mr Penfield brusquely said he could. Did she want to lose her job? And have her dear husband lose his as well? But on the other hand if Julie **was** sensible and did as she was told perhaps he might be able to do something for Simon.

What Mr Penfield was saying was blackmail. Yes, quite clearly. But what could she do? He **could** probably get them sacked, on some pretext or other. But ... **that cane** ...

'Y ... You can't ... really **cane** me ...' Julie said whimperingly.

Mr Penfield said yes he could. She certainly needed something of the sort with the way she always acted. Teasing and flirting and then, oh no, that was it. Not even allowing a friendly hand on her leg. Well, she had now done it once too often. Oh yes, Mr Penfield said, he was going to **really enjoy** caning her bottom.

He meant it and Julie could see she had no choice. She felt sick ... but she was finally doing as instructed. Getting up on the big armchair. And then forcing herself to slide up her skirt.

She was wearing stockings and a suspender belt. Julie liked to wear stockings, they were so much more glamorous and sexy than tights. She had on white stockings with her white high-heeled courts, and a slim-strapped white suspender belt. With

brief and tight white lacy knickers. She certainly hadn't planned to show any of this to Mr Penfield — or of course to anyone else. But now Julie was having to pull her skirt right up round her waist and give Mr Penfield this intimate and dazzling display.

That in itself was really dreadful. Humiliating. But ...

THWACK ..!!

'**Aaaaiieeeehhh** ..!!' The cane had cut crisply in across those lovely swelling nates. A mind-stopping stinging cut. The embarrassment of showing her knickers abruptly disappeared. There was only that awful pain.

THWACKK..!!

'**Aaaafyyyyaaaahhh** ..!!' Another fiendish cut. This one landed partly across Julie's and which had automatically gone down to grab at her red-hot bum.

'Keep your hands away,' Mr Penfiled ordered curtly. And then whipped the cane in again.

He gave her two more — and then told Julie to take her knickers down. She was in something of a state of shock now.

That **really dreadful** pain in her poor bottom. It was **killing her**.

'Come on! Get them down. Let's have a look at that lovely bum. And that precious pussy too, eh?'

Julie was having to do it. Her hands which she seemed to have lost some control of awkwardly grabbing at the brief white knickers. Sliding them down.

There were bright red stripes across the pale moons of her bottom where the cane had landed. Mr Penfield's hand was there. Fondling.

Julie. She needs what they call a short sharp shock.

With brief and tight white lacy knickers. She certainly hadn't planned to show any of this to Mr Penfield

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'Now some more cane on the bare, eh,' his voice said softly.

Julie gave a shuddering squeal. Mr Penfield chuckled ... and his hand slid in between her legs. To take hold of her now bared pussy.

Her viciously caned bottom was making her feel sick but now in additon there was Mr Penfield's hand at her cunt.

Julie's breath spluttered out. Her viciously caned bottom was making her feel sick but now in additon there was Mr Penfield's hand at her cunt. His large fingers slipping in between the outer lips to the wet and succulent interior of Julie's sex.

'And what about this, young lady. Eh? Always teasing that it's available but then if anyone seems at all interested we become the prim and proper little housewife. Don't we? Prim Mrs Malving who always keeps what she's got between her legs for dear hubby.'

Julie let out a strangled cry. 'Keep still,' Mr Penfield rasped. He was pulling her knickers on down. Yanking them down over her knees to her ankles. Then spreading her knees apart. There was a pause.

And then there was something up between Julie's thighs again. Her thighs that were now parted. And the something this time wasn't Mr Pernfield's hand. Julie cried out again, as she realised what it was. It was Mr Penfield's stiff prick. Sliding in between the open lips of her pussy.

* * *

That wasn't going to be all. That unbelievable Saturday that seemed more like a nightmare than reality, it wasn't going to be the end of it. Because Mr Penfield before he let her go said he had so enjoyed her visit that Julie just **had** to come again. Yes he had so enjoyed it and also of course it had been so good for her, it was **exactly** what Julie needed. Julie tried to say that she couldn't, wouldn't, come again. Mr Penfield simply repeated those earlier threats. About her and Simon's jobs.

'The next time,' he told her, 'I think I'd like to take a few photos. Aritstic shots. If you know what I mean.

She hardly been able to face going home afterwards. the thought of

Continued on page 50

BARE BOTTOM EXERCISE

Penny and Sandra are standing side by side at attention in Mr Rambold's gymnasium. In their crisp white uniform – but something else too. Because each girl has a length of stout nylon cord tightly knotted on top of her shorts. Penny's is bright red, Sandra's black. The coloured cords are tied round each girl's waist, with a further length stretching tautly between her legs and knotted to the waist piece at the front and read.

The lengths of cord pass through the girls' legs and then tightly up through the clefts of their bottoms so that their bottom-cheeks are sharply defined and delineated.

The cords have been stretched very tight. Painfully tight it would appear. And appearances are not deceptive. Penny grimaces. Turning slightly to Sandra she rolls her eyes. Penny we can see has an extra length of cord leading from her waist which she holds coiled in her hand.

The two girls are alone in Mr Rambold's splendid wood-panelled gym. Mr Rambold has gone out but he will be back at any moment. And then …?

Penny gives another silent grimace. The cord between her legs is really hurting. Cutting into her pussy. It is another awful experience here at Mr Rambold's. And of course there is more to come. When shortly he returns.

No knickers or bras. Mr Rambold doesn't believe in underwear for his girls.

It is 8 o'clock on this her second day at Mr Rambold's establishment. The early morning sun is slanting in through the window in the sloping roof to made an almost white rectangle close to her feet. It is hot in the gym. It feels hot even though they have no underwear under their white shorts and tops. No knickers or bras. Mr Rambold doesn't believe in underwear for his girls. Penny shifts the weight in her legs slightly. That cord is **really painful.** Cutting into her crotch. But shortly there is going to be something else. Something **really scary** – and **dangerous** too. Even Sandra said it was dangerous and scary. It is what they have these cords on for of course.

The lengths of cord have been put on them by Mr Sparks, half an hour ago after their early breakfast. The girls had to report to him in turn in his little room at the rear of the house. Bill Sparks is Mr Rambold's assistant, a retired naval rating. Penny had only briefly met him yesterday and this morning's visit to him was her first proper experience. Mr Sparks, in his fifties like Mr Rambold, proved to be really awful – also like Mr Rambold. As Sandra had said he was.

'Ah our bright new Penny,' he greeted her when she had closed the door behind her and then stood to attention. 'And what have you two girls been doing all night? Frigging each other I imagine. Eh? Going at each others pussies all night?'

'No!' Penny yelped. Both at awful Mr Sparks's words and at what he was doing. Because he had moved round behind her and reached round to cup her tits. Squeezing them hard. It was awful what he had said – but not entirely a false accusation. Because they **had** done it again in the night. At Sandra's insistence. Sandra seemed very keen on it. But not all night of course. Just the once.

Horrible Mr Sparks eventually let go of Penny's tits, after an extended groping while he kept on insisting that he knew they **had** been doing it all night. But he wasn't finished of course. All he was supposed to be doing was putting the special red cord on Penny, over her shorts. But he was going to make a real meal of it. Especially as this was his first chance of handling the new recuit.

He squeezed and fondled her tits again, this time nude of course. Rubbing and pulling her nipples to make them stick out.

So Penny was made to pull up her top and show him her nude tits. Mr Sparks said he had to examine them, it was necessary with all new girls. He squeezed and fondled her tits again, this time nude of course. Rubbing and pulling her nipples to make them stick out. And then, shockingly, bending his head down and taking first one and then the other of her stiffened nipples in his mouth. Sucking.

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he made her take her shorts down. He groped and fondled Penny's bare bottom

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Penny, gasping, said she would tell Mr Rambold – but Mr Sparks only laughed. And then he made her take her shorts down. He groped and fondled Penny's bare bottom – and then got his hand at her pussy. He said he could tell that they **had** been doing it all night. He could tell from her pussy.

He did at last get on with what he was supposed to be doing, which was to put the cord on Penny.

'You're going to really enjoy this. New girls always do,' he told her as he pulled the red cord as tight as he could between Penny's legs. 'It's an experience they always enjoy. Especially if we drop you and you fall in.'

* * *

That of course was what was filling Penny's mind now, as she stood with

Sandra at attention in the gym waiting for Mr Rambold's return. This awful exercise which the cords were for. They were to transfer you across to a boat from the shore. An Emergency Transfer. You were pulled across on some ropes dangling in the air. Your dangling body suspended on a hook which was attached to the back of your cord, where the crotch and waist sections joined. You were pulled across above the water like this. Dangling above it. And sometimes ... the contraption gave way. Something broke, or came undone ... and you fell down. Into that awful swirling water.

Sandra had done the emergency

transfer before. And she hadn't fallen off. It was pretty rare for something untoward to happen and a girl to fall off into the sea, that was what Sandra said. So probably there was no real reason to worry. But Penny was sure she **would** come off. Plunge down into the deep and oily water. She couldn't swim very well. She could see herself floundering in that awful cold, choppy water. And sinking. Oh God! And then another thought.

That awful Mr Sparks: he might deliberately do something. Not hook her on properly – so that she **would** fall in. Yes. Penny no sooner had this thought than she was **sure** he would do it. Because she had said she would complain to Mr Rambold about all that stuff he had done to her.

She turned desperately to Sandra.

You weren't allowed to speak when you were standing at attention but Penny **had** to get some reassurance from Sandra.

'Sandra .. What if Mr Sparks.'

Unfortunately Mr Rambold chose at that very moment to re-enter the gym.

'**Not** talking when we are on parade, are we!' he barked.

'Uh .. not really Mr Rambold,' Sandra said Pulling back her shoulders and sticking her tits out.

'You must think I'm blind – and deaf.' coming close in front of her Mr Rambold yanked up her top. Right up so that Sandra's quite big tits were fully bare. He squeezed her nipples. 'Is that it Sandra?'

'**No**! No Mr Rambold,' she gasped.

He turned to Penny. His fingers slid inside the cord which went down from waist to crotch. It was already painfully tight but Mr Rambold's hand worked in … and yanked. Penny yelled, doubling forward, as the cord cut into her pussy like a sharp knife.

It was already painfully tight but Mr Rambold's hand worked in … and yanked.

MODELS

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'This young lady was undoubtedly talking. Perhaps she is not a very quick learner. She clearly needs some more encouragement to her learning processes.

Mr Rambold let go. 'Stand at **attention**!' he barked at the gasping Penny. And then he was striding over to the corner of the room, to the cupboard. And coming back ... with a cane.

'Get over the trestle,' he snapped. '**Quickly.** Right over. Your hands flat on the floor. Legs stretched out ...'

With a frightened little moan Penny did as she was told.

SPLATT ..!!

The cane had zipped fiercely into the taut seat of Penny's shorts. Her stung bottom bucked as she yelled out.

SPLATT ...!!

'Keep it still!' Mr Rambold hissed. 'I can see you really need some more **intensive** ...'

SPLATTT ..!!

'Training Miss.'

Penny was allowed to get up after six real scorchers to her quivering bottom. But Mr Rambold wasn't finished. As, red-faced and gasping, she forced herself to stand at attention again, he addressed them both.

'Yes, I think you both need an extra session. With the cane. Things seem to be getting awfully slack. You Penny need to be buckling down more seriously to your training. And you Sandra I think need a good reminder that this isn't a holiday camp.'

'No! No Mr Rambold please. I don't think that at all,' Sandra, with her tits still bared, yipped.

Even a cooperative girl needed a sharp caning now and then.

But Stanley Rambold had evidently got the bit between his teeth, no doubt inspired and exhilarated by his energetic go at Penny's rear. Perhaps he had become too lenient with Sandra – as a result of her cooperativeness of course. But even a cooperative girl needed a sharp caning now and then. And as for this new Penny, she definitely needed more. If she was ever to become a well-trained and of course cooperative girl. Yes, they certainly both needed a little extra something. And there was plenty of time before they went out to the water for their morning's programme.

'Come here,' he said ominously to Sandra.

Kneeling behind her he worked at her shorts. Getting them down. There was no need to unfasten Sparks's handiwork, he could – with difficulty admittedly – just about get the shorts down while leaving the cords in place.

Sandra gave a little squeal. Mr Rambold's tugging at her shorts caused the cords to cut into her more sharply – but there was also the anticipation of what was evidently going to come. Pretty clearly something nasty with Mr Rambold's cane. She had been having a relatively easy time with the cane, but now ... Sandra definitely had the feeling that something painful was coming.

Mr Rambold got the shorts right down, as far as they would go with the cord between Sandra's legs still in place. So that her bottom was fully bare – and most of her pussy hair in front. He gave her bared nates a sharp slap.

'Get up on the trestle Sandra. On your back, with your legs raised.'

In that upside-down position you had the whole of your pussy starkly display.

There was a whinnying intake of breath. Sandra had been caned like that in her first days with Mr Rambold. It was a very painful position for caning – and also an extremely embarrassing one. In that upside-down position you had the whole of your pussy starkly display – and this was going to be pretty much true even how she now was with the lowered shorts held by the cord. Sandra wanted to plead with him. He didn't **really** want to do this – not when she was so nice and cooperative in those sessions in his room.

But Mr Rambold didn't like pleading, not if he was set on doing something. Sandra couldn't help an unhappy little 'Please Mr Rambold!' – but was sternly told to get in place.

Her legs raised in the air. So that her bared bottom was thrust out. And you could see the whole of her business. Sandra's pussy.

Penny looked bug-eyed as Sandra went to the trestle. Then gave a little yelp. Because Mr Rambold was behind her, yanking at her own shorts. Working them down under the cord. Yes she was going to get the same as Sandra. And the full awfulness of what this was now becoming apparent, as Sandra got herself in position. Lying on her back with her arms stretched down along the legs of the trestle. And her legs up. Her legs raised in the air. So that her bared bottom was thrust out. And you could see the whole of her business. Sandra's pussy. The whole of it on full and awful display.

* * *

It was too awful to watch – but equally Penny couldn't help watching. Mr Rambold with his left hand holding Sandra's legs straight up in the air like that. And his right hand ... whipping in the cane.

SPLATTT...!!

It was mind-boggling. The searing cut of the whippy bamboo as it cut into the tautened flesh. And poor Sandra's desperate yell. Poor Sandra – and very shortly it was going to be poor Penny. She was going to be in that same sickening position. Having to blatantly expose her pussy to Mr Rambold like that. That was dreadful in itself. But ... that cane ...

SPLATT ..!!

Penny flinched as another one whipped in. Closing her eyes.

Sandra, her hands at her glowing bottom, stumbled away. But Mr Rambold decided not to have Penny in that same position.

And very shortly of course it **was** her turn. **Oh God!** Forcing herself to go to the trestle as scarlet-faced Sandra, her hands at her glowing bottom, stumbled away. But Mr Rambold decided not to have Penny in that same position. Not up on the trestle

on her back, but bending over the end. Well that was something, it wasn't quite such an awful position.

SPLATTT …!!

Oh **Christ!** But the mind-bending pain was just as bad. Oh **yes!** It couldn't be any worse. Gritting her teeth and hanging desperately onto the legs of the trestle. Her poor bottom clenching and churning. **No** …

SPLATTT …!!

Oh **Jesus please** …! Hearing herself yelling out …

Six of them. Six mind-benders. Each leaving its bright red imprint on the soft flesh of her bottom. Penny stumbling upright at the end of it. And was then told … it **wasn't** the end. No, Mr Rambold now wanted her in that other position after all. After her six stingers Penny now had to get up on the trestle on her back. Just like Sandra. To be given a further caning.

Because of course a new girl did need something extra. She needed to know what discipline was all about. And then later on it could **possibly** be relaxed. A certain amount. If she showed she had learnt from those early lessons and was now a tractable and willing recruit. Oh yes.

But this morning Stanley Rambold wasn't really in the mood for a lot of relaxation. No, not even with Sandra who **was** a willing and well-trained recruit. Instead he felt like going on a bit. Continuing here in the gym. With his cane. They were due out on the water, the Emergency Transfer Exercise, which was always an interesting session, but there was no hurry for that. Plenty of time. Both girls could do with a bit more work here in the gym. And also ...

Stanley Rambold had had an interesting idea. The Emergency Transfer Exercise that they were going to do. It was a nice warm morning outside. Why not try it with the girls **without their uniforms on**? In just the cords. Wouldn't that be very interesting? And clearly it **would** be. Mostly highly diverting in fact.

* * *

So Sandra and Penny were sent back to Mr Sparks. To have their cords taken off — and replaced without their uniforms. They were going to do the exercise in the nude.

It was a mind-boggling concept even for Sandra. She was still feeling somewhat numb from that caning. She hadn't had a caning like that since the very beginning of her stay. And now this other shocker. The thought of it! Suspended on that hook with nothing to cushion the cord. It would cut into you like a knife.

As for Penny, she had had that extra caning. She felt like she could hardly walk. She couldn't think, her head was like a caldron. What Mr Rambold had now said perhaps hadn't really registered. But in amongst it all, the turmoil in her head and the hot pain still in her bottom, there was still the other. This thing they were going to have to do, wearing uniforms or not. This thing which could drop you into that churning, swaying water. And Mr Sparks who perhaps had already decided to **deliberately** drop her in.

His fingers working at those tight knots — but also taking time out to grope and feel. Her tits, her pussy. But Penny didn't care about the groping,

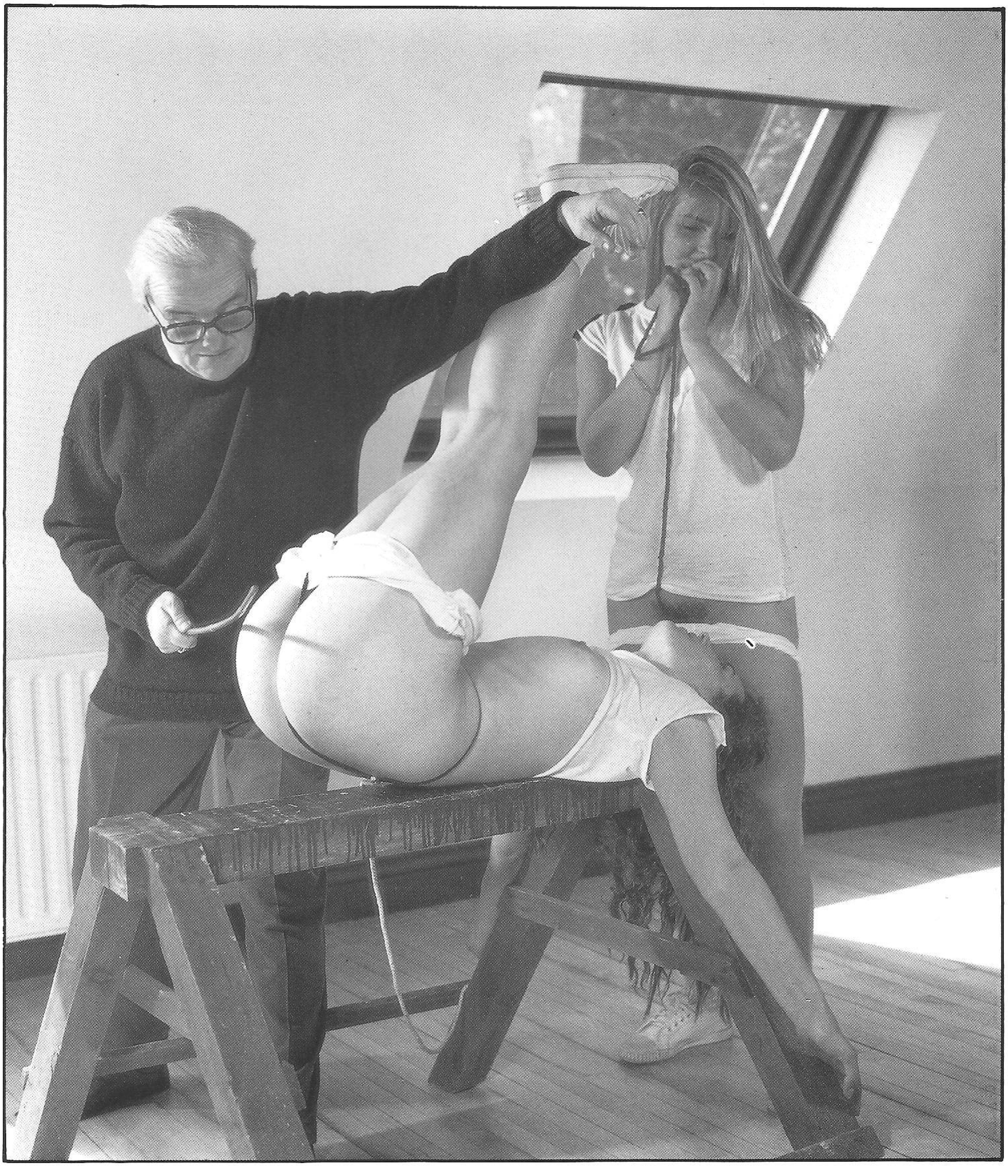
'Loo ... oook ...' she stuttered as, back in his little room now, he began working on her. His fingers working at those tight knots — but also taking time out to grope and feel. Her tits, her pussy. But Penny didn't care about the groping, not when she was so scared by the other. 'Lo ... ook ... M .. Mr Sparks ..'

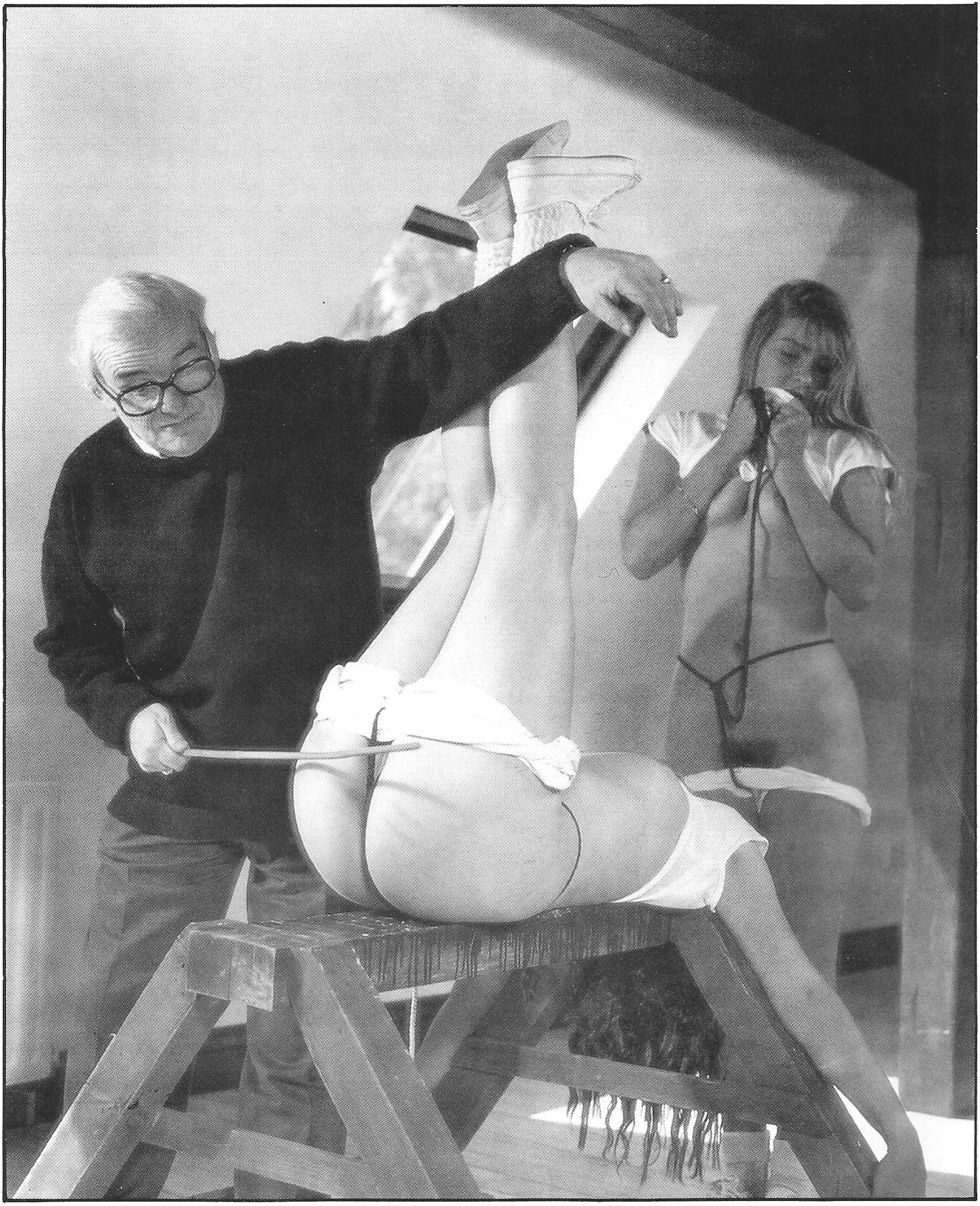
This new idea of Mr Rambold's. Having the girls nude for the exercise. It was quite an idea and they were certainly going to look highly diverting in just their sneakers and socks

Bill Sparks listened owlishly to what was being stuttered out. Listening while at the same time considering this new idea of Mr Rambold's. Having the girls nude for the exercise. It was quite an idea and they were certainly going to look highly diverting in just their sneakers and socks and the cords tightly trussing their nude figures. But whether it would be possible to do a transfer like that he wasn't sure. The cords under the full weight of a girl's body might just cut too much. Still, they could bother about that later.

He was slowly getting the gist of what Penny was saying. Concentrating his mind a bit more on it — as he let his fingers roam here and there. She certainly wasn't protesting like before. And the reason for this was slowly becoming obvious. Penny was **dead scared** of the impending exercise. And also she seemed to have the thought ... that he might deliberately drop her in the drink. Yes she was really scared of that. So much so that ...

It seemed she would do just about anything to prevent it. Anything to head him off from deliberately





dropping her in. Well, well! Bill Sparks had never in fact had the thought of deliberately dropping any girl in. For one thing you would then have the trouble of fishing her out again. But if this sweet Miss Penny really wanted to do **anything** ... why shouldn't he let her? It would set her mind at rest for one thing.

So Penny was told that maybe they could come to an arrangement. If she really wanted to. She could come and see him right after lunch. Here in his little room. He rather had the idea now that the exercise out on the water would be delayed until the afternoon, what with Mr Rambold wanting to see the girls in the gym again in this new mode, cords on bare flesh. The exercise would probably now be right

after the girls' post-lunch rest period. If Penny came to see him then, they would certainly be able to agree something. If that was what she really wanted to do.

'Yes,' Penny gulped. 'I d ... do. I will.'

* * *

Mr Rambold did have Penny and Sandra in the gym for the rest of the morning, as they were now wearing just their trainers and socks and the cords. Otherwise nude. The cords were even more unpleasant and painful than before because now they were chafing against and cutting into bare flesh. Mr Rambold said they looked very smart, he should have thought of it before. Perhaps he would have them like this **all the time**. It could be their new uniform. And perhaps he would send one of them out, down to the shop to get a paper, like this.

Both Sandra and Penny looked a bit sick at this suggestion. Quite possibly

they would each prefer a caning — evan a very hard one — to the prospect of going out in the street, on public view, dressed (or more accurately undressed) as they were. But Mr Rambold wasn't serious, it was a little joke. What he **was** serious about was ... more of the cane. Another session for both of them. The cane once more biting into first Sandra's and then Penny's bared nates.

After that to fill in the time before lunch, some exercises. Climbing on the wall bars. Running round the gym. The exercise bike. And with those cords between their legs, tight in their bare crotches, **any** sort of physical activity was highly painful.

At last it was lunch time. That was a huge relief. Yes, but after lunch ...

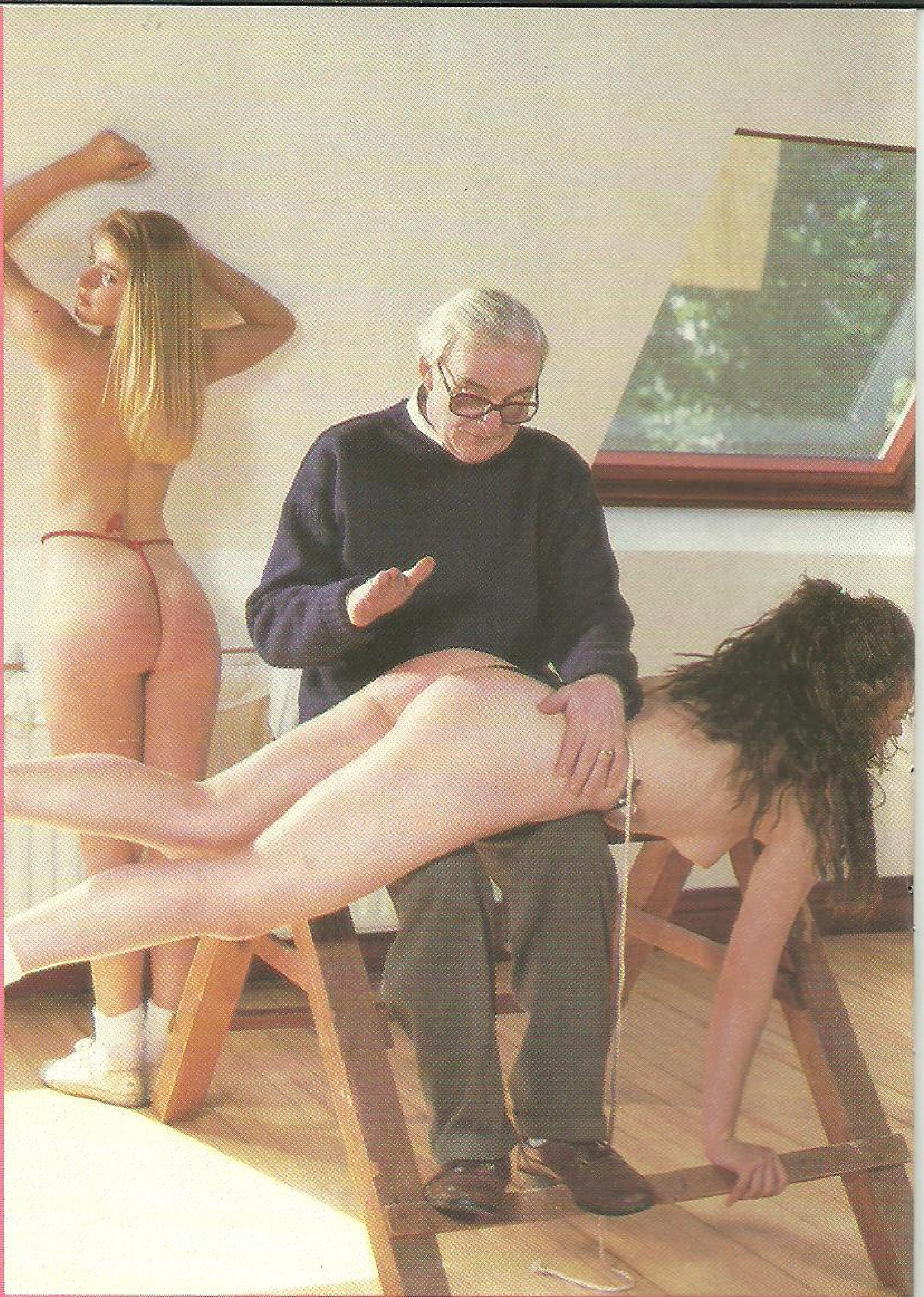
'I've got to see Mr Sparks,' Penny told Sandra. Sandra naturally wanted to know why. Penny shook her head. It was not something she wanted to talk about.

* * *

What was Mr Sparks going to want? Penny hadn't wanted to think about that. She hadn't had much time for thinking but certainly she didn't want to think about it. It could well be something unpleasant. Perhaps highly unpleasant. But if it meant she could be reasonably sure she wasn't going to be dropped in the water ... it would be worth it. But no, she certainly didn't want to think about it.

Another session for both of them. The cane once more biting into first Sandra's and then Penny's bared nates.

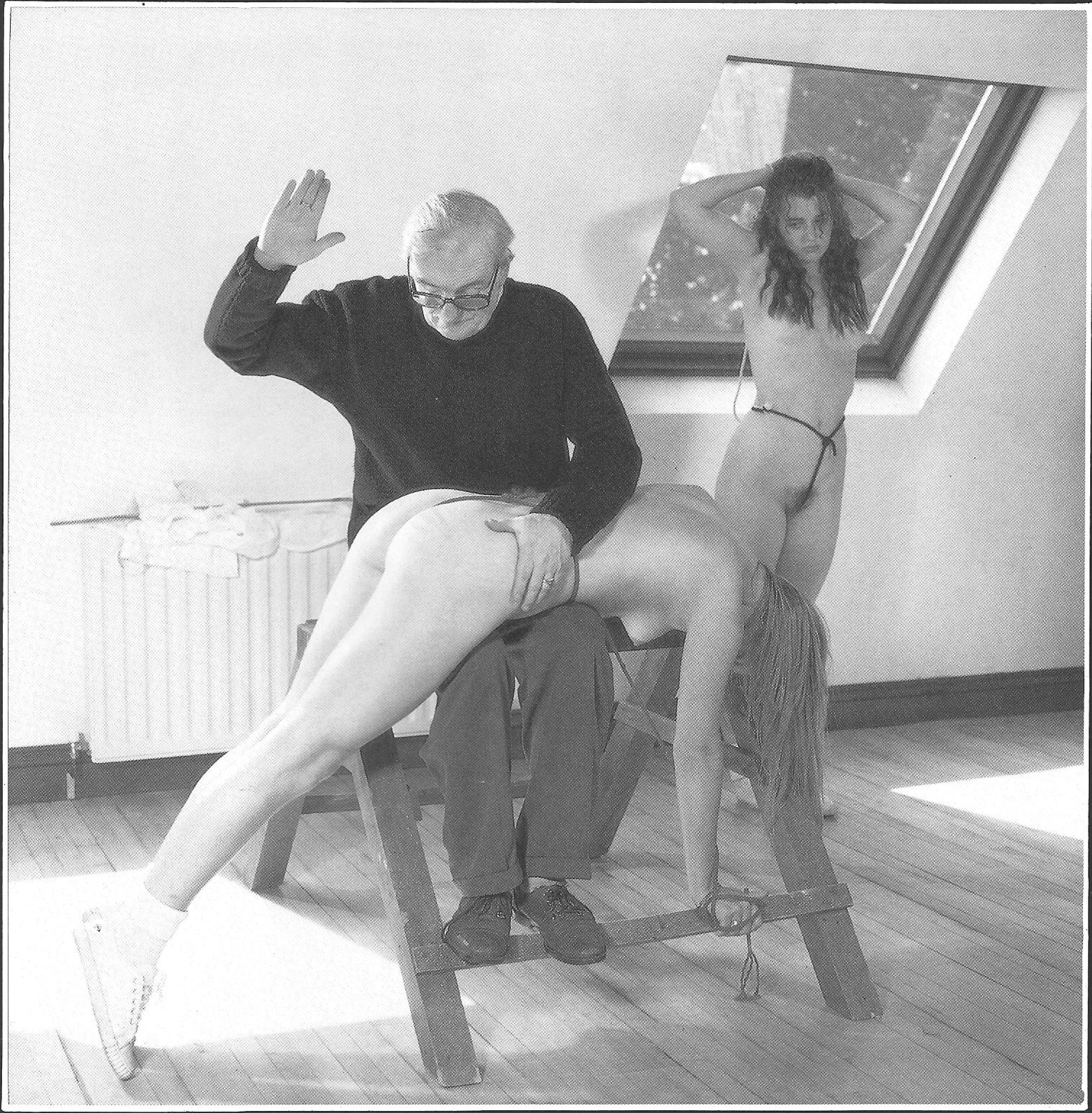
It was unpleasant alright. A highly unpleasant something that Penny was only vaguely aware that people did. Until now, in his room with the door locked, Mr Sparks made clear what he wanted.



Kneeling between his legs as he sat in his armchair. Mr Sparks said his trousers felt a bit tight. Could she undo the zip. And then … he didn't have any underpants on. Maybe he had taken them off specially. So that when she pulled down the zip it sprang out at her. His big thing. Stiff and erect. It seemed enormous.

He wanted her to use her hand first. And she did. Doing it and thinking of that water that she wasn't going to be tipped down into. Her hand and then … her mouth. **No**. She **couldn't do that**. It wasn't possible.

But then thinking of the alternative — or what she imagined was the alternative — Penny did.



He didn't have any underpants on. Maybe he had taken them off specially. So that when she pulled down the zip it sprang out at her.

Continued from page 31

fancing Simon after what had happened. After that mind-searing caning and then of course the other. Mr Penfield screwing her as she knelt in the armchair. Screwing her from behind as she knelt with her knees spread. How could she possibly face Simon after that? He was bound to know. It would be written all over her face.

But somehow Julie did face Simon. And somehow he failed to see any tell-tale signs of what had happened on her face. But ... she had to go to Mr Penfield again. Next Saturday. 'That should be convenient, shouldn't it?' he had said.

* * *

Photos. Artistic shots. What did that mean?

'Have a drink,' Mr Penfield said. Julie shook her head, then changed her mind and said yes. She was going to need something. Here she was in that flat again. There had been no expensive restaurant meal this time, the appointment had been to come

straight here. But then she didn't want a meal, didn't want to be seen in any expensive restaurant with Mr Penfield. She didn't want any of this nightmare.

Julie had been thinking of nothing else all week of course. The unbelievable events of last Saturday and now **this Saturday**. She was supposed to be shopping with her friend Claire again — but what if Simon rang her up? Two weeks in a row! He was bound to wonder. But here she was ...

After that mind-searing caning and then of course the other. Mr Penfield screwing her as she knelt in the armchair.

'Yes what I thought was that this time I'd like you in a little outfit, Julie. For me to take some nice pictures. Only for my own delectation of course. Tell me, do you play the piano?'

Julie shook her head. What did a little outfit mean? And pictures. If he took pictures he could show them to someone else. He **would** even if he said he wasn't going to. Or someone could get hold of them. Julie shook her head again.

'I d ... don't want any pictures.'

Mr Penfield grinned. 'Of course you do, Julie. A lovely girl like you, I'm sure there's nothing you like **more** than having pictures taken. And it's going to need to have some more of the cane. Afterwards.'

Mr Penfield showed her, in the other room with the piano. It was really awful what he wanted. Really sickening, and humiliating. He had specified that she was to wear stockings and a suspender belt plus a pair of brief and sexy knickers again today. Now Mr Penfield said she was to strip down to just these items. She then had to put on a pair of long black net evening gloves ... and this awful dicky front. One of those awful pretend-shirt things complete with black bow tie. That was to be her outfit for Mr Penfield's photos.

Julie weakly shook her head. It was **too much**. Too **awful**. Being photographed like that. She could imagine other people at the office seeing them. Or Simon. **No**! Mr Penfield **couldn't** make her do it.

But of course he could. 'Get moving!' he rasped. 'Or I'll cane that arse right away. So hard you'll think it's been cut in two!'

He had that cane out and when he wasn't clicking his camera Mr Penfield was whipping in the cane.

No there was no choice. It was another nightmare. Just like last Saturday. But worse than last week because now she was in this really sickening outfit. For Mr Penfield to take his photos. Plus there was still the caning. He had that cane out and when he wasn't clicking his camera Mr Penfield was whipping in the cane. And of course there was the other too. When he had had enough of caning and getting his pictures. The other. Screwing her.

* * *

Mr Penfield had said he wouldn't show the pictures to anyone. He had **promised** that. But a week later Mr Grantley said he would like to see Julie. Mr Grantley was a manager at the office who had been very interested some months earlier. Julie had been coy and charming as usual but then when Mr Grantley thought he might be getting somewhere he had got the cool brush-off.

Now he wanted to see her ... and in his office he showed Julie. One of Mr Penfield's pictures.

Grinning Mr Grantley said 'How about lunchtime? We can go out in my car. I'll pick you up in town so we won't be seen. How about ...'

In his car Mr Grantley said, 'Have you shown any of them to your husband? I'm sure he'd love to see them. You look so lovely.'

Parked out in a lovers-lane place he made Julie suck him. Unzipping his trousers and pulling out his cock. Making Julie take it in her mouth.

She had no choice of course. Not with that photograph. And the question was, as she sucked Mr Grantley's erect cock, how many others were there going to be? Other men at the office who would get a picture. And perhaps then finally ... Simon.

END

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